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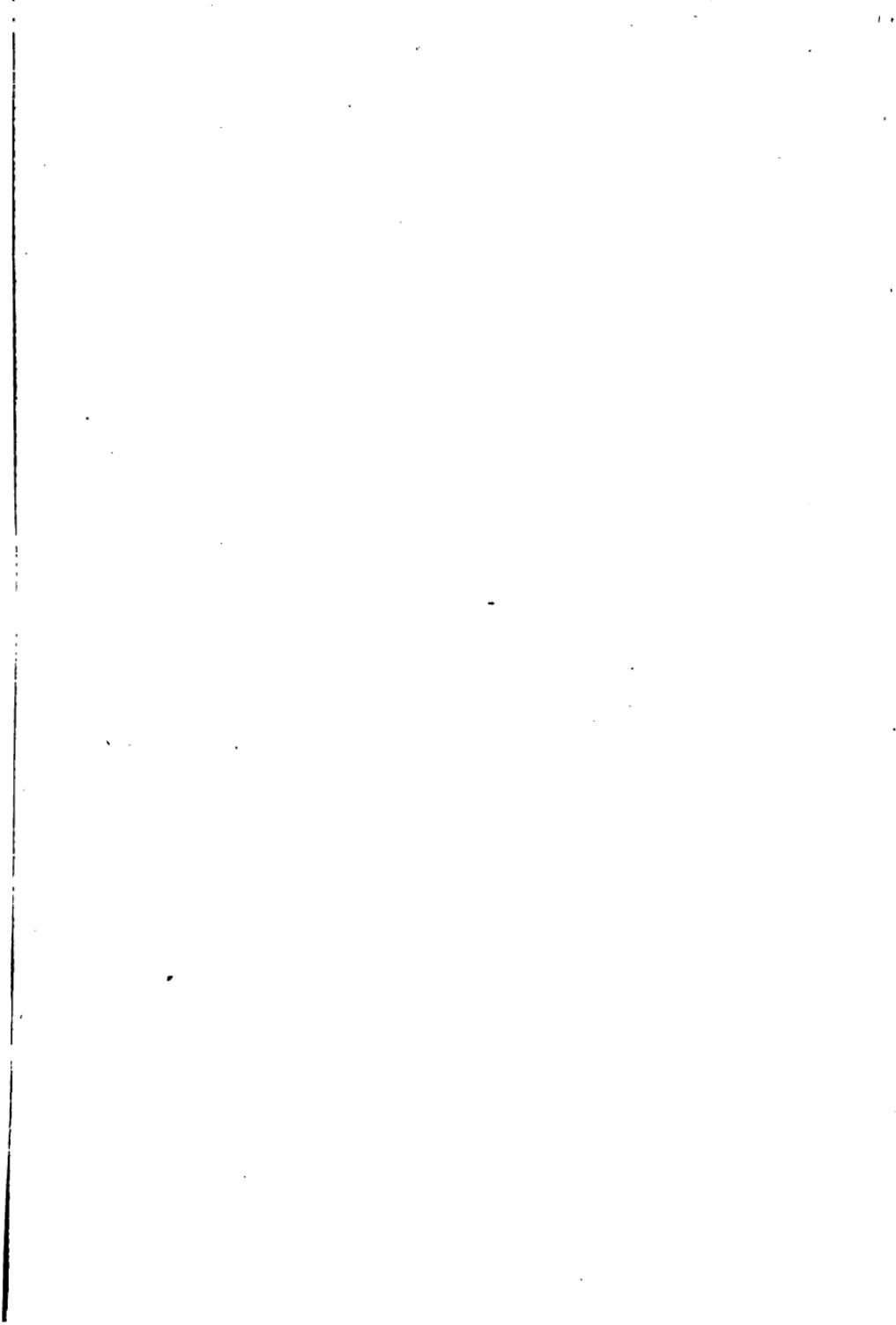
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# “There Was A Time”

By TL  
Anne Murray Larned



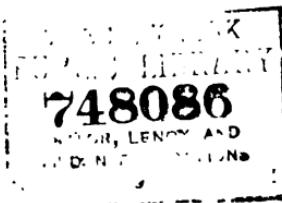
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*"Bedtime" is republished through the courtesy of The Youth's Companion and "Queer Pussies" through the courtesy of Miss Emilie Poulsson, being reprinted from Holiday Songs, by Emilie Poulsson, published by Milton Bradley Co.*

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
MY MOTHER



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*"There was a time when meadow, grove, and  
stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparell'd in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream."*

—WORDSWORTH.



## THE LITTLE PATH

I THINK I know the way to heaven—  
If I could only try!  
A little path that runs straight up  
The hill into the sky.

But I have always got to hold  
A grown-up person's hand  
When I walk out, and one can't make  
Big people understand.

So I'm afraid I'll have to wait  
Until I am a man.  
And then I'll find that little path  
And climb it—if I can.

## THE SUNBEAMS

THE sunbeams get up early,  
While we are still in bed,  
And dance upon the meadow,  
Where dewy webs are spread.

They flit among the tree-tops,  
And wake each drowsy bird;  
Then slip into the woods below,  
Before a flower has stirred.

And long before we waken  
Their early work is through;  
They breakfast in the meadow  
Off brimming cups of dew.

## THE HUNTSMAN

ORION climbs the eastern sky,  
The Dog-star at his heel.  
I see them when I go to bed;  
How happy they must feel!

Each night I watch them when they start  
Upon their well-worn track,  
But I am always fast asleep  
Before they have come back.

I wonder what they go to hunt?  
Perhaps the fierce Great Bear.  
They'll chase him all across the sky  
And track him to his lair!

And though my bed is warm and soft,  
I often wish that I  
Could follow them when they start out  
Across the winter sky.

## IN THE FALL

I LOVE the bright October days,  
When all the leaves fall down,  
And lie about the garden paths  
In drifts of crispy brown.

All day they're falling silently  
Or whirling in the breeze;  
I wonder if it makes them sad  
To have to leave the trees.

At night I hear the ripe nuts drop,  
I hear the fierce wind blow,  
And in the morning, on the grass,  
The frost lies white, like snow.

Such happy days! I play and play,  
Till mother calls to me,  
And by the blazing nursery fire  
I have my cheerful tea.

## THE RED BALLOON

THE boy next door has got a red balloon;  
I wish that it was mine!  
He just runs up and down the street with it  
Tied to a bit of twine.

If it was mine I'd get a *mile* of string,  
The longest I could buy,  
And let my red balloon go up and up  
Until it touched the sky.

Perhaps some angel little boy 'd reach down  
And touch it with his hand,  
And then I'd draw it back again to me  
Down here upon the land.

But I've not got a red balloon at all—  
So I can never try;  
The boy next door won't let me play with his—  
But it's no use to cry!

## THE HIGH SEAS

ONCE when I stood upon the shore,  
And looked up at the sea,  
I cried because I was afraid  
That it would fall on me.

It looked so soft and seemed to rise  
So high above the land,  
That why it didn't all run down  
I cannot understand.

But when I see the mountains tall,  
Or look up at a cliff,  
I never feel afraid of them,  
Because they are so stiff.

## THE HILLTOP

I KNOW a very tall, green hill  
That leans against the sky.

If I could stand on top of it,  
And reach my hand up high,

I'm sure that I could touch the clouds  
As they go sailing by.

## BEDTIME

### THE CHILD

My mother tucks me up in bed,  
And kisses me good night;  
And then I feel as safe and snug  
As if 'twas broad daylight.

But sometimes when the night-wind blows,  
And I hear the thunder peal,  
I think of all the flowers out doors  
And wonder how they feel.

How glad I am that I'm a child,  
Safe in my little bed,  
With mother near if I should call,  
And father's roof o'erhead.

## BEDTIME

### THE FLOWER

THE cool, dark night has come again,  
The time for sweet repose.  
I gently rock on my long, green stem,  
My weary petals close.

The soft wind kisses me good night,  
The other flowers are near,  
The stars are shining up above,  
So still, and bright, and clear.

And when the night is very warm,  
And all the earth is dry,  
How I rejoice to see the clouds  
Come creeping o'er the sky.

I lift my drooping head to catch  
The first drops of the shower,  
And when I feel them pelting down  
I'm glad to be a flower.

## THE WIND IN THE NIGHT

I HEAR the wind go rushing by  
At night when I'm awake;  
I hear it roaring in the trees,  
And feel the whole house shake.

I wonder where it started from,  
And where it's going to;  
It must be fun to whirl along  
Each day o'er places new.

Perhaps that very gust that now  
Is rattling at the panes,  
Was in the Rockies yesterday,  
And swept the western plains.

The Mississippi River, too,  
It may have leaped across;  
And turned a little bit aside  
To give the Lakes a toss!

And now it's rushing on and on,  
To places far from me.  
Perhaps to-morrow it will blow  
Across the Arctic Sea.

I wonder if some Lapland child  
Will lie in bed awake  
And hear it whistling 'round the Pole,  
And feel the snow-house shake.

## A SUMMER MORNING

ANOTHER happy day's begun,  
So long, so bright, so full of fun.

I may not leave my bed until  
The sun has touched my window-sill;

But I can lift my head and see  
The sunbeams dancing on the lea,

And watch a jolly little breeze  
That's playing in the tops of trees.

The birds have been awake for hours,  
Singing to the happy flowers.

How I should like to get up, too!  
There are so many things to do.

I wish I might go out and play  
As soon as God has made the day.

## A WINTER MORNING

My window panes are thick with frost,  
The sills are piled with snow;  
And icicles, like fairy spears,  
Hang in a glittering row.

The crisp snow crunches underfoot  
When any one goes by;  
The creaking of the milkman's cart  
Sounds like a loud, shrill cry.

The water's frozen in the jug,  
The floor is just like ice;  
Oh, how I hate to leave my bed!  
It feels so warm and nice.

But I must never be afraid;  
I'll be a soldier bold,  
And make a sortie from my bed  
To get dressed in the cold.

## THE SEASONS

WHEN Winter came I was so glad  
    To see the snow;  
But now it's Spring I'm just as glad  
    To have it go!

How nice it is to see the trees  
    All green again.  
Though when the leaves were falling I  
    Was happy then.

I thought 'twas fun to have my tea  
    By candle-light,  
But now I like to have it while  
    The sun's still bright.

I loved to sit before the fire  
    Till bedtime came.  
But now I'd rather run out doors  
    And play a game.

But I suppose when Summer's gone  
    And Winter's here,  
That I'll like that the best again;  
    It's very queer!

## THE POINT OF VIEW

It's very hard to be so small  
When other people are so tall.

I often think that I should love  
To look at things from up above.

They never look so nice to me  
For 'tis the under side I see.

I may not sit upon a chair  
Unless a giant puts me there.

When I stand on the floor my bed  
Is on a level with my head.

Would grown-up people like to lie  
On beds that are most six feet high?

## STORM CLOUDS

I THINK a storm is coming up,  
The clouds are black as night.  
I wonder how the snow in them  
Can be so clean and white!

## THE RAINDROPS

You may hear us on your window when you go  
to bed at night,

And dancing on the house-tops when you waken  
with the light.

And when you skip away to school we pelt you as  
you run,—

If we should chance to wet you, you know it's  
only fun!

It's such a happy life we lead, with nought to  
make us fret,

*We* never have to stay indoors because it is so  
wet!

And yet life isn't always play, there's work to  
do, you know;

We have to wash the whole world clean, and  
make the sweet flowers grow.

But when our work is over comes the time we  
like the best,

When we're lifted up and put away in a great,  
soft cloud to rest.

## THE QUEER PUSSIES

DID you ever hear of pussies  
Who never scratch, nor mew,  
Nor chase their tails, nor play with balls,  
As other pussies do?

They sit in rows, on bushes,  
In coats of soft grey fur.  
And though you listen all day long  
You'll never hear them purr!

If you should go out walking,  
Some pleasant, warm spring day,  
Perhaps you'll see these pussies queer,  
Who neither fight nor play.

## A GOLDEN RULE

WHEN people treat one as they should  
It's very easy to be good.

It is so strange they cannot see  
How wrong it is to punish me.

I'm sure I'd be as good as gold  
If they would never fuss, nor scold.

For I am hardly ever bad  
Unless somebody makes me mad.

Oh, what a pleasant world 'twould be  
If every one were kind to me!

## A SAD THOUGHT

It makes me sad to think of all  
The things I cannot see;—  
The pleasant places in the world,  
So far away from me.

I'm sure there must be lovely spots  
Where I can never go.  
To think that they are there, and I  
Shall never even know!

## MY GARDEN

I HAVE a garden, all my own,  
Out in our back-yard.

I raked and hoed it all myself;  
Oh, I have worked so hard!

It's true my garden's very small,  
But 'tis so full of seeds

That when they grow to be big plants  
There'll be no room for weeds.

There are sweet peas, and marigolds,  
And mignonette, and phlox;  
And in a corner by the fence,  
Sunflowers and hollyhocks.

I put the seeds in yesterday,  
But they are very slow—

Not one of them has come up yet.  
It takes so long to grow!

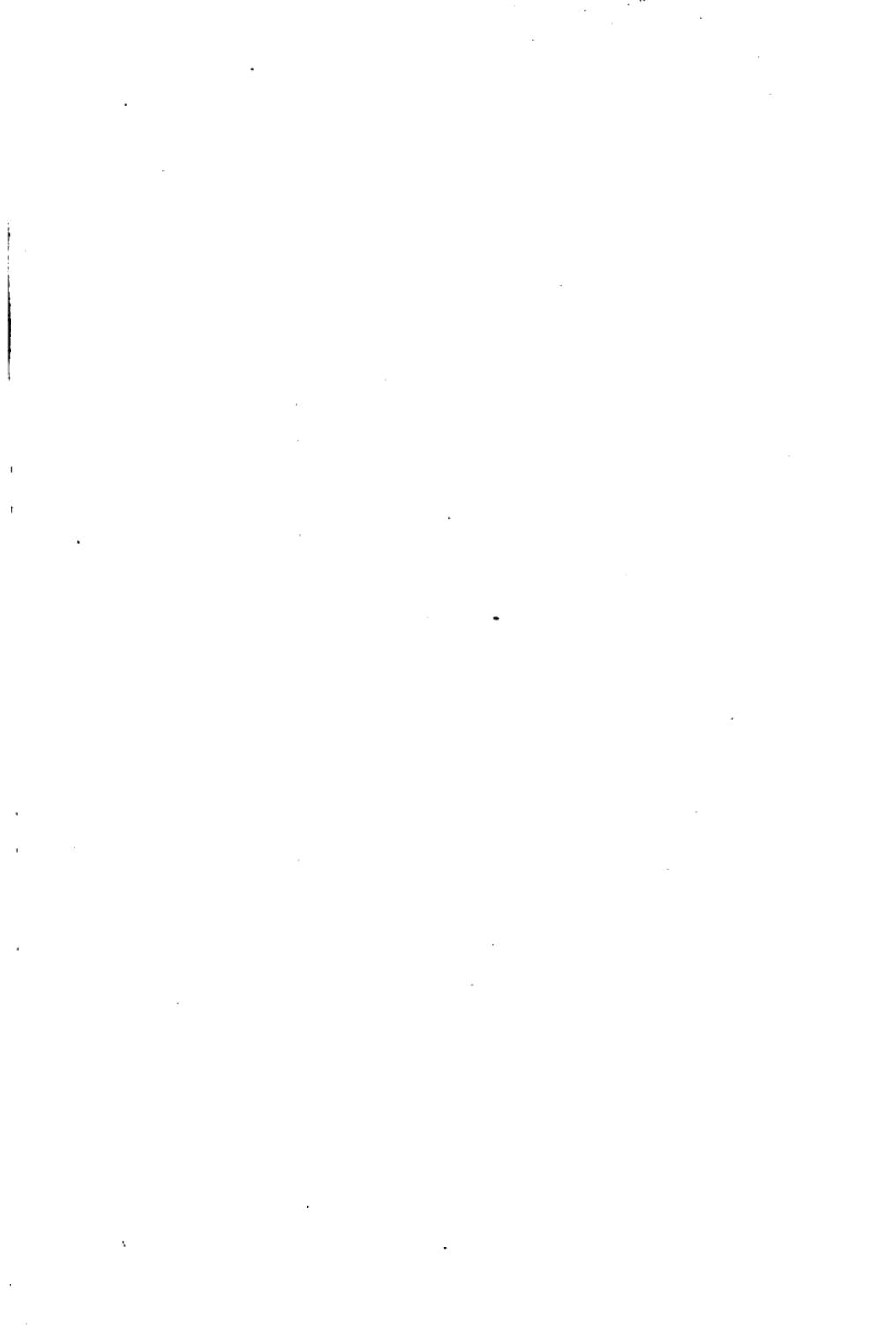
They must be warmed by many suns,  
And wet by many showers,  
Before they grow to be big plants,  
And I can pick my flowers.

## THE KIND POLICEMAN

SOMETIMES I wake at night and hear,  
Out in the cold, dark street,  
The brave policeman going by  
Upon his lonely beat.

How very kind it is of him  
To have me in his care;  
It always makes me feel so safe  
To know that he is there.

When it is raining very hard,  
Or when the snow is deep,  
I pray for him, out in the storm,  
Protecting those who sleep.



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